

THE UNIVERCELM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

"THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN ARE TEMPORAL; BUT THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN ARE ETERNAL."

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The Principles of Nature.

PROVIDENCE:
UNIVERSAL AND ETERNAL.

BY T. L. HARRIS.

Our Fathers believed that God in six days made the heavens and the earth, and all things therein, and rested on the seventh day, and was refreshed from his labor. Once, they imagined that the Infinite One dwelt upon the earth, filling it with the Majesty of his Presence, but took his departure when his creative task was finished. The Ancient Scripture, in which this sentiment is apparently contained, is a beautiful Parable, and not a record of dynamic fact, and should be relieved from the responsibility of teaching it. But the idea of a Creation begun and ended in six literal days, however it originated, was common once, and obtains among the unreflecting now. It took its origin in that mode of belief called Anthropomorphism—the idea that the Creator was a man, having hands, feet, form, senses, passions as we. It was supposed that God, working in inert matter, by external force, rounded off this globe as a potter shapes an urn, and then left his work-shop, and his work, and rested. But this opinion is passing away. Fading from the sunrise of Modern Science, it rests like a nebulous cloud upon the horizon of the Past. In the light of recent discovery, we ascertain that there was no period when the Earth was finished. Its rocky strata are the work of ages. Its three great kingdoms are the result of innumerable years of growth and progress. In the daily recurring processes of formation, and decomposition, and refinement, we find a law, and in that law we find a force, and in that force we find a God—an infinite, ever active power of Wisdom and of Love. Nature is continually receptive of the creative fulness. In our childhood we mourned over the departure of the bright days when God walked in Eden. But Nature is an Eden now, and he whose soul is attuned to its harmony shall discover its creative spirit. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

Research into Material Nature proves that God is present there, creating daily and developing the Earth into higher forms of excellence. Research into Human Nature proves that God is immanent in spirit as well as space. God pervades the lily and the nightingale, though they are unconscious of it. He fills the petals of the flower with beauty, and he modulates the birds' throat with song. But God pervades the very consciousness of the pure and spiritual man or woman. We know it, feel it—it is a fact which appeals for its correctness not to the doubtful processes of reasoning, but to the realities of experience. There are times when the mind glows with a wisdom, and the heart expands with a tenderness that were never before its own—then we feel that God is working in us, and through us—creating a *moral world*.

The Divine Spirit then is present and active both without and within—both in Nature and in the Soul, developing the one into physical perfectness and the other into moral greatness. There was a time when men believed in the Divine Presence in

their childlike faith, even though Science was not yet born, to prove it in her revelations. Then came the age of Scepticism, when men believed in nothing but what the hands handled—the senses felt. But now Faith and Science are wedded. The Intellect confirms the feeling, and the Earth grows green again. God is here, and it is none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven.

Now God is infinite. His power, his wisdom, his goodness—the threefold manifestation of his spirit, act simultaneously and for one end in all portions of the Universe. To day the Creative Spirit has opened unnumbered flowers in our gardens, and ripened the fruit of the early summer, and given the air its delicious odor and its pleasant glow. And to day the same spirit has created some new excellence in every world in the Universe. One spirit quickens, one law of Progress pervades all worlds. So too God this hour feeds the heart with love, and truth, and purity. Human souls tend ever to him in love and aspiration, and a current of creative life flows into natures open to receive it, till they are quickened with a moral inspiration. So too in all worlds, wherever there are living Inteligences, there God is inspiring the pure heart and the faithful mind, and this day in millions of worlds, millions of spirits have been gladdened by communion with the Infinite, and have felt God within them, creating in the inner life new forms of faith, and knowledge, and obedience. Creation is continual. God is everywhere present and active. The Universe is a whole, and the result to which all things are tending is the establishment of an infinity of worlds, all peopled with beings in God's own likeness, possessing one perfect spiritual and social order—making up one infinite and perfect Heaven.

Now as God pervades every particle, whether of Matter or of Mind—as he directly operates on all form and all substance in the Universe—and as his Wisdom, and Power, and Goodness is every where diffused, it follows that his Providence is Impartial and Universal. Providence is the care which the Divine Mind exercises over all its works. It is that provision which is made for the physical wants of all material forms, and the moral wants of all spiritual beings.

PROVIDENCE IS UNIVERSAL. Creation as a whole is harmonious, orderly, perfect, but it is a harmony continually arising into a higher scale—it is an order that is continually assuming more complex relations—it is a perfection that is relative, not absolute—and that is flowering, as it were, into a diviner beauty. Day by day masses of nebulae concentrate into worlds, and worlds give birth to higher forms of being. With every moment myriads of moral beings are born from nonentity—and other myriads are casting off the rudimental form of body and passing into a spiritual state—and other myriads still are undergoing changes, incomprehensible to us, from beatitude to beatitude, from glory to glory. Each bud that changes into a flower receives its new life and beauty from the Infinite Presence. Each World that flowers into beauty does so because it receives an impulse from the life of Deity. Each child that is born to us is quickened of the Holy Ghost. Each Soul that arises triumphant over evil does so in a power that flows into the will from the arterial life of God. I see the Providence of God in yon great heavens, with their infinity of worlds. The Order that governs

them—the light that fills them—the invisible myriads of beings that people them, bear witness to the presence of the Creative God, but I see God's presence no less in the colors on the leaf of the lily, and in the throbbings of the child's heart. Every where I find a living force—each form of being has a life that is not its own. The Pulses of an invisible Spirit are felt in all the veins and arteries of Nature. All the changes and births of Creation are the product of Law—are regulated by an infinite Order—all these laws resolve into one actual Life—God. Christ felt this truth of Universal Providence, and expressed it as never man did before. He saw that God guarded and was the life of all things, from the infinitely great to the infinitely small, and hence he said that the very hairs of the head are numbered.

So too Providence is unfulfilling. No act or contingency can remove any object or being in the Universe from its control. You fancy that there is no wisdom in decay, in blight, in material ruin. "Where is God's Providence," you ask, when you see the rose bent by the storm, and the body mangled by disease, and the soul corroded with evil, and the form veiled in the pale robes of the dead. But you do not look deep enough. If you did, you would see that all things work together for good. The flower fades, but the very process of decay refines the matter that composed it, and again it rises in a new form of loveliness. The soul is poisoned by evil, but it works its own cure, and the spirit shines out at last from its eclipse more rounded and lustrous than before. The body molds and crumbles, but Death opens it as a prison is opened, that the spirit may go up to its heritage of Immortality. Men say that it is possible to go beyond the bounds of Providence, and beyond the reach of Mercy. But this can never be. God is Omnipresent—Active in every portion of his being. He pours physical life into the body—moral life into the soul. He is as near to the bad man as to the good, and in actual contact with both. He never leaves us. He cannot. His Spirit encircles us. If we make our bed in Hell God is there. Where God is his Love is—his care—his Providence. He invites the lowest to excellence. He allures the desolate to his breast.

PROVIDENCE IS NOT TEMPORARY BUT ETERNAL. Each act of God has direct reference to final results. Thus the apparent object of Deity in creating a world, with its mineral, and vegetable, and animal kingdoms would appear to be, the conferring of physical happiness upon the animal tribes, creatures of sense and time—but the real object is the rearing of a dwelling place for man, a creature of spirit and eternity. So too the destruction of a wasted, diseased body, would seem to have no object but the delivery of men from bodily suffering, but the real design is the raising of the spirit into a higher grade of being. Things that seem evil in themselves, and in their immediate operation, are good when viewed as to their object and their final result. When the fire sweeps the prairie it leaves a ruin, but it has prepared the earth for richer vegetation. When the storm rages it beats down the harvest, or sinks the ship—but if the storm did not come the air would become poisonous, and all creatures die, and by it the atmosphere is purified, and new life is poured into all living forms. We say that God's Providence is faulty, because the good man is exposed to scorn and want, and at last to martyrdom. But that very agony, and hunger, and persecution blesses the sufferer in the end. By it his spirit is made strong, grand, heroic—and the fiery whirlwind of Martyrdom at last takes him up, and bears him bodily into the opened heaven. And the example of that serene and unwavering goodness awakes perhaps the slumbering virtue of his very murderers, and confers a benediction upon all coming ages. Each contingency that befalls the individual and the race must be judged by its object—but its last result. All temporary gratification is subservient to final and universal good. The object of God in his Providence is not to feast the senses but to educate the soul, and all things are made subservient to the creation and education of a moral universe.

PROVIDENCE WORKS BY UNEERING AND UNIVERSAL LAW, and not by the violation, infringement or suspension of it. The doctrine of Special Providences may thus be stated. The Divine Mind interposes at times to deliver the favored object from the suffering and calamity which otherwise, in the natural order of events, would inevitably fall upon him. This opinion has its origin in three doctrines of the Ancients, all equally untenable.

1. The doctrine of Anthropomorphism. This supposes that God is a man: that the forces of Nature are not the active energies of God, but disconnected from him as the forces of a steam engine are disconnected from the personal forces of the builder. Creation is a machine which God has made and left. It works on by its own inherent power, without any direct agency of God. But at times God interferes. He arrests one wheel, he quickens another, he changes the motion of a third. This is the special Providence. And when he leaves it, the machine works on as before. This doctrine is refuted by Scientific Discovery, and hostile to the Genius of the Christian faith. These recognise an omnipresent Spirit, all pervading and ever active. Divine activity is not the exception, but the rule itself.

2. The dogma of Special Providences is a result of Polytheism. The ancients recognised a multiplicity of Deities, acting in antagonism to each other. Taking a deep interest in human affairs, having their favorites and their foes, they frequently arrested the laws of Nature in their course to befriend the one or to destroy the other. Men knew nothing of a Universal Providence, resulting from the active presence of an Infinite Spirit, and at once beneficent, impartial and just, and the error was perhaps inevitable then, but it lingers now, and adds a deeper tinge to the superstitions of our own time.

3. The doctrine of Particular Providences is a result of the ancient Dualism—the belief in the existence of original and antagonistic powers of Good and Evil, contending for the supremacy of the Universe. This opinion is modified in our day. The Ahirman of Zoroaster has degenerated into the modern Satan—he is supposed to exercise a semi-omnipotent power over the human race. He is perpetually engaged in luring souls to endless ruin. In order to counteract this demoniacal influence, Deity is supposed to interfere in human affairs in a manner not contemplated in his original design. "The Plan of Salvation," in popular theology, is a violation of the law of cause and effect, produced by the miraculous agencies of a Special Interposition, for the purpose of saving the believer from the consequences of violated law. We oppose the doctrine of a temporary Providence, because Providence is eternal: the idea of a mere local Providence, because Providence is universal. The dogma that God interposes at times in favor of an individual presupposes that God at other times has neglected him. The opinion that God arrests the operation of a law, and interferes between the offender and the penalty, cannot be separated from the supposition that the law was cruel and unjust; else why arrest its operation?—or that God is partial, else why release one from consequences that must befall another? Providence to be just must not be partial, not special, not temporary or local—but continuous, ever active, and every where present. The doctrine of Special Providences, as I have stated it, cannot be separated from the superstition of Anthropomorphism, or Polytheism, or Dualism, or Diabolism. One Spirit pervades Creation—one Power animates it—one Wisdom develops and orders it—one Goodness directs it to its consummate End. As one body is pervaded and governed by one Soul, so the one universe is pervaded and governed in every action by the One God. He works by Law, not by the infringement, violation or suspension of it. He cannot interpose or step in between law and the operation of it—for he is Himself that law, and there is and can be nothing between Nature and Deity, the human Spirit and its Infinite Source. I admit all that the believer in Particular Providence can reasonably maintain. I admit that God does guide, guard, bless, save in individual cases, but I admit this because I be-

lieve more. The Providence which this mind sees in one case I see in all cases—for God is not finite, not partial. He is everywhere active—the same yesterday, to day and forever.

In all of Nature's Laws I see the operations of the Providence of God. They are the Providential means for the attainment of a Providential end. As the cause is perfect, so the means are perfect, so the end is perfect. The Divine Mind never slumbers or pauses, the currents of his life flow unceasingly through all the veins and arteries of Nature. Creation as one body, is pervaded by one spirit—and that spirit is love, is life, is Providence itself.

PROVIDENCE IS PARTICULAR, BECAUSE IT IS UNIVERSAL. Because God designs the perfection of the Material Creation he designs the perfection of every particle in it. Because God wills the Moral Universe to wear his own likeness, he wills each soul in that Universe to grow up into his Infinite Fulness, and to be the recipient of his unbounded love. Daily and hourly God's mercies are showered on me. Love, and Wisdom, and Power flow in exhaustless currents, and center in the soul. And there I hear a voice warning me against wrong, and inspiring me with a moral revelation, and there I feel an aspiration—a continued yearning after infinite excellence, and there I find a pain of conscience that warns me and that leads me from my sin, and there I feel a joy of obedience that leads me to the perfection of heavenly-mindedness and virtue. God speaks individually to me, through the words of ancient Prophets and in the life of Jesus, he speaks privately to me in Nature's ever unfolding revelations,—and every where I hear God's voice calling, and see God's hand beckoning me to the heights of moral perfectness. The experience of all spiritual and holy men convinces them that they, individually, are the objects of a continual and providential care. And so as life wears on they become conscious of God's continual presence, and his particular Providence, and like one of old they exclaim, I am not alone, for the Father is with me. But this Providence is Particular because it is Universal. Only the clear intellect can reason it out. Only the pure heart can feel it consciously. And yet it is over all. God is good to one because he is good to all. The love that he sheds on the soul of Jesus he sheds over the outcast in her shame and misery. God is as near to me as he was to Christ. As near to me as he is to the seraphs in the intensest light of heaven. The golden zone of his Providence surrounds the infinitude of his works, and therefore it clasps each living spirit in his indissoluble tie.

A cold Scepticism, a shallow Materialism, is perpetually asking questions like these. If Providence is universal, why do the physical catastrophes sweep myriads into destruction? Why does God permit disease to mar the human organism? Why does the Divine Mind permit sin to riot in the human heart?—and Death to separate us from our loved ones?—and Social and Political evils to crush millions into want and degradation? It is easier, I know, to ask questions than to answer them, but these are to be answered in a manner to crimson the bronzed brow of the Sceptic, and rend the apathetic darkness of the Atheist himself.

Do Physical Catastrophes disprove the fact of Providence? Do you not know then that these are agencies of that Providence? I know that God's law is in the earthquake that topples down the towers, and in the storm that sweeps the sea, and strews the shore with wrecks. But what is the origin of these catastrophic occurrences?—and what is their result? Our Earth, compared to the Universe is but as a single bud in a forest. It is born, it swells, it ripens, it flowers, it matures into fruit. The globe itself is governed by the Universal Law of Progressive Development. The storm, the earthquake, the deluge, is but a crisis in that development. Every one of the great events of the Past has aided in bringing the world into its present order, in maturing the forms of life that live and move upon its surface. Every one of the changes of the Future will aid in carrying on the work of creation, till Earth is Paradise—its heavens all radiant with light,—its seas covered with islands of perpetual verdure—its elements harmonized—fountains springing in the desert—flowers

blooming at the very poles. Science proves to us that the Earth, like man, tends ever toward perfection, and every catastrophe is but a throb of the world's great heart, hastening on the period of its ripeness and its bloom.

And why does God permit disease to mar the human organism? In his Providence he permits it. For the effect of disease leads us to investigate the cause, and from the cause we find the remedy, and thus we are led to the discovery of the physical laws—the laws of health, and at last shall know and employ those principles of Nature which perfect the form, and the result will be that our children's children shall attain to physical perfectness, which is the precursor of mental greatness, and so at last the entire family of man grow up into all grace, and beauty, and excellence.

And you arraign Providence because it allows oppression and evil. "Why," you ask, "does God allow the poor in Ireland to starve, and nations to groan and bleed beneath the lash of the oppressor?" God permits these things in his love. He permits men to suffer under false political and social states in order that they may arise, and discover the true political and social order, and incorporate it in all government and in all society. Well is it that the lash of famine has fallen on Ireland. It will rouse her children to a consideration of their duties and their rights, that shall end in a Political and Social Resurrection. Well was it that iron want fell on the Parisian laborers. For they rose, and the throne went down before them, and the first fruits of that outburst are the abolition of slavery and the guillotine, and an earthquake that convulses the despotisms of Europe. God's Providence is in all things, "from seeming evil still educing good in infinite progression." Each throe and groan of humanity, the bloody sweat of its Saviors, the poverty and grief of its Outcast children—each woe that befalls us, hastens on the day of Universal Unity, and all of the calamities of Individuals, and all of the misery of Nations shall end at last in the harmony of man with himself and Nature and God.

So too we complain of Providence because our loved ones die. We stand by the new made grave where our hearts and our joys lie buried, and we refuse to be comforted. In our wickedness and impiety we arraign the goodness of the Infinite. We exclaim, "thou hast robbed us and despoiled us, and we will curse thee and die." But over the shades of Death breaks in the morning light of heaven, and the path of the dead leads not down to the sepulcher of annihilation, but upward to the open portals of the World of Immortality. The cloud may fall on us, but the cloud that hides the loved ones from our sight is that which gathers around the feet of the ascending spirit—the new born Christ, as it goes up to the abodes of the redeemed.

It is good to die. Good for the Spirit which casts off the clay, and puts on its immortality, and drinks in love and wisdom from the lips of angels and the unveiled heart of God. Good for us who remain, for the departed are with us yet. They minister invisible sanctities. They surround us with golden spheres of influence, they purify us through the ministries of hope and memory, of faith and love, and educate us for the skies.

For one then I trust in the Providence of God. It results from his presence. It is powerful as his energy, unfailing as his wisdom, active as his life, and beneficial and impartial as his love. It has respect alike to my present wants and my immortal welfare. It leads me to my present duty, it allures me to my future destiny. God is Here—inspiring the true Soul and the loving Heart. There is no iron net-work of second causes between the Spirit and its Father. God dwells on Earth now as in the early dawn of Eden. He is as near to my soul as he was to Isaiah, to Jesus, to Paul. That Infinite Spirit that numbers alike the stars in heaven and the hairs on the human head, is the Soul's Father and the Heart's Friend, and He who in his unsought Love gives us physical being and spiritual Life, will guide us by his watchful care to the perfection of our being, and encircle us now and ever with his Providence of Love.

INTRODUCTION TO PHYSIOGNOMY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,

BY J. W. REDFIELD.

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THE voluntary action of the mind is the highest of which it is capable. It belongs to human beings and to the higher order of animals, and is shown in the signs of the faculties in the face. An equal degree of two opposite faculties it has been said, constitutes the condition of free-will or choice, in which neither faculty controls the other, and in which the slightest volition is sufficient to produce an action. It was seen that Self-will and Resolution in equal relation to each other produce *Equanimity*, and it is not difficult to see that this is a state of freedom so far as those two faculties of will are concerned. This rule is applicable to all the faculties the signs of which we are to point out in the face. In the face, therefore, are the signs of the VOLUNTARINESS of the faculties of the mind, as in the hand are indicated their Effectiveness. As volition is the action of the mind, which relates to freedom and accountability, the mind is shown in the countenance, in the expressions of its wisdom and affection, more perfectly than through any other medium. The feelings and conceptions which struggle in vain for representation in a work of art or in the eloquence of words, portray themselves in strong expressions in the face, and all the more strongly as the hand or tongue refuses to give them utterance. On this tablet of the mind the thoughts, passions and emotions of the soul as they spring up, change, and succeed each other, impress themselves so strongly, that all persons have a perception that character is written there, however difficult it may be for them to read it.

SIGN OF PERSEVERANCE.

By Perseverance we mean something different from Self-will or Resolution, as may be seen from what we have said of those faculties. One who has a large faculty of Perseverance does not relinquish his undertaking on account of difficulties and hardships, but persists in it until it is accomplished or he can do no more. As often as he is frustrated in his attempt he renews it, and if he is repulsed he returns to the task with increasing pertinacity. Such a one will often gain by importunity what cannot be gained by an appeal to justice or charity, as in the case of those who solicit charity for themselves or others. Teasing and begging are perverted manifestations of a strong faculty of Perseverance—but as a general rule this faculty is exercised benevolently, like Resolution, and not selfishly like Self-will. It is like Self-will in its character of persistence, and unlike Resolution in this respect; but unlike Self-will its persistence is in doing, and the pursuit of something to be attained.

The sign of this faculty is the length of the jaw downwards under the two posterior molar teeth, just forward of the angle of the jaw. It is large in all persons who have the character of pioneers, too frequently perverted to that of making their way over slain bodies and ruined walls. It is also large in those who have shown a great degree of perseverance in business, and enterprises of a public character having the good of society and mankind for their object. In the majority of faces the sign of this faculty is less than the sign of Resolution, so that it presents a slight concavity; and as a general rule when this part of the jaw is as full as the part just behind it the faculty of Perseverance is strong. It may be observed to be large in Lexicographers, who are required to exercise the faculty in so great a degree, and it is small in those who are very easily stopped in their course, and never finish what they have undertaken.

The faculty of Perseverance is relatively stronger in childhood and youth than in manhood and old age. It is particularly required in early life when the whole field of knowledge is

before the mind, and its sign may be observed to be largest in these young persons who pursue knowledge with the greatest zeal and perseverance, never giving over nor abandoning what they have undertaken until it is accomplished, and who thus become finished scholars and not mere smatterers. The exuberance of this faculty in early life is one grand reason why youth is the most favorable season for the pursuit of knowledge, and for removing inherent obstacles and defects of both mind and body; and the relative deficiency of this faculty in later life is one grand reason why persons whose educations have been neglected, seldom learn even to read and write after they have passed their minority. Perseverance is exhibited in very great degree in the chase, and in sports and plays of all kinds, and in these the most persevering in study show the greatest physical perseverance; while in all these respects old persons show a constant retrocession and decrease.

This faculty has the same connection with the faculty of Numbers that Resolution has with the faculty of Lightness, and that Self-will has with the faculty of Weight. Numbers may run on illimitably—and a mathematical problem to be completed when undertaken must call the faculty of Perseverance together with that of Numbers into the strongest action. The most remarkable examples of the sign and faculty of Perseverance are to be found in mathematicians; and if one ever excels in the science of Numbers it must be in early life. The greatest predominance of Self-will in childhood is somewhat earlier than that of Perseverance, and hence it so frequently happens that the self-willed youth who was thought to be dull because he did not like to go to school and would not learn his lessons, and because he had the heavy aspect of countenance which self-will produces, suddenly surprises every body by "taking a start," as they say, and becoming as famous for his perseverance and acquisition of knowledge as he was before for dullness and stupidity. Whereas he once went

"Creeping like a snail unwillingly to school,"

he now goes of his own choice, and is least willing to be detained.

The faculty of Perseverance is large in most animals, particularly in those which were mentioned as having most of the faculty of Numbers. The perseverance of the mole in burrowing and in gathering her stores is very great. The rabbit also has the sign of this faculty in an extraordinary degree, and it is very large in the mouse, beaver, squirrel, and other animals which may be said to be indomitable in the prosecution of their undertakings. The horse and the dog manifest a superior degree of the faculty in war and the chase, and they have the sign very large.

SIGN OF DETERMINATION.

It may be supposed that DETERMINATION is a stronger manifestation of the faculty of Resolution—but not so. We resolve to do certain things, and we determine *not to do* the contrary, and thus determination is equivalent to a stronger affirmative. Binding ourselves by our "hand and seal," or by an oath, is but a stronger expression of determination, and the object of a bond is to prevent our doing the opposite of what we have resolved to do. In business transactions a simple intention or promise, or what is the same thing, a simple resolution to do so and so, is not in general deemed sufficient—it must be accompanied by a determination, expressed by a written bond, that the person will not fail to fulfil his promise, or that he will not cheat his creditor. This is not merely a stronger resolve, for a resolution is fully and completely expressed without it. A person, for example, promises to be faithful at an appointed hour in a matter of great moment, but if the other is not satisfied with this, he says "Swear to me that you will not fail me." The strongest confirmation of a positive is a proof that the opposite is evil or untrue, and in like manner the strongest confirmation of resolution is determination. There is no real oath of which this is not the essence—but as our definition of Determination will not be readily admitted, we will give another example. A number

of determined opposers of Christ's doctrines "bound themselves by an oath that they would *neither eat nor drink* until they had killed Paul." Without this condition of abstinence or of not doing certain things there would have been no expression of determination but only of resolution. This faculty always refers to a negative, and hence it is proper to speak of determined opposition, but not of determined ambition or enterprise. It is the opposite of Perseverance. It deters, withholds and restrains; and anything which is terminated, fixed, bounded, or settled ultimately, is said to be determined.

The sign of this faculty is the *length of the chin downwards under the second incisor tooth*, just forward of the sign of Self-will. It is large in very decided or very determined people, who are fond of settling matters beyond all dispute, by an *ipse dixit*, of putting a restraint upon progress and free inquiry, and of laying people under bonds and obligations to abide by their decision. This faculty in the selfish side of its character is more nearly allied to Self-will than to Resolution, as Perseverance in the charitable side of its character is more nearly allied to Resolution than to Self-will.

As Perseverance is relatively stronger in boyhood and during minority, Determination is relatively stronger after middle age, increasing in strength through old age to the period of infirmity. The Determination of old age, and the Self-will of childhood resemble, but are not to be compounded with each other. Perseverance, which is stronger in youth, and Determination, which is stronger in old age, are opposed to each other—and hence it is that in young people there is a greater love of advancement, while in persons who are growing old there is as a general rule, a stronger disposition to restrain the progress of others, and a constant and gradual falling back to the opinions and habits of their ancestors. In relation to Determination and Perseverance therefore, as in relation to Resolution and Self-will, nature has constituted a connection between the aged and the young, the result of which in this instance is or should be a proper medium between hasty innovation or dangerous impetuosity on the one hand, and retrograde movement or want of advancement on the other.

In the relation between parents and children, and particularly grand-parents and grand-children, the determination or restraining disposition of the elder is often so great that it is felt to be tyrannical—and in consequence of this the perseverance or progressive disposition of the younger as often throws off all hindrances, and acknowledges no restraint whatever. And so it is in society. A civil or ecclesiastical system which has its origin centuries or thousands of years ago, and which exercises its power only through the oldest and most infirm, claims to determine all matters of truth and right for the rising generations and for posterity to the end of time—and the consequence is that a civil or ecclesiastical system the very opposite and extreme of the other, acknowledging no restraints of law or conscience, springs into existence and rushes swiftly and madly to its own destruction. The old systems, possessing a predominance of Determination, make use of bonds and manacles for the bodies and souls of men, imprisoning and restricting human minds to the dim mysterious light of the dark ages; while the youthful systems of the age, not regardless of the past, are pressing forward perseveringly to the future. As a king grows older he grows more restricting, more disposed to determine all causes, and to render free discussion, and consequently freedom of the press, of no use. So it is with old people in general, and we have observed that they have a much stronger disposition than young people to make all promises sure by bonds and writings, and to determine cases by process of law.

Determination has such a relation to the faculty of Size, as Perseverance has to the faculty of Number. It was said that the bound of anything is determined by its size or quantity, and in like manner things are bounded or limited by determination.

As old people have most of the faculty of Size so have they most of the *disposition* which relates to size. Large bodies move slowly and still larger bodies do not move at all, and Determination likes those things which are most stationary and have least tendency to proceed. Under theocratic and monarchical governments where ancient civilization in growing old last expired, were constructed by far the largest temples for the living, and the largest sepulchers for the dead—and wherever the civil or ecclesiastical government is *oracular* in its teachings, there are the largest edifices constructed. But in the natural old age of an individual or nation the strong action of Determination no more than that of Resolution is to be regarded with condemnation or censure, for Resolution and Determination act together, as we have seen, and their predominance in old age is the inevitable result of natural laws.

The animals which have most of the faculty of Determination are those which were mentioned as having most of the faculty of Size. They have all of them more or less of the disposition to hold back, prevailing at times over the disposition to persevere in a straight forward course, as we see in the horse and the ass. In those horses which have the trick of running backwards when they ought to progress, the sign of Determination is large, and in those which are with difficulty learned to go backwards for a few paces, or to hold a load in going down hill, the sign of this faculty is small. But in the old of animals as well as of human beings this faculty may be observed to have its strongest manifestation.

PROGRESSION.

Equal strength of Perseverance and Determination constitute PROGRESSION in the mind, and exhibit progression externally. A much greater degree of perseverance than of determination shows itself in haste and impetuosity, and consequent reaction, like the rebounding of light or of light bodies from the objects which they strike against—A much greater degree of determination than of perseverance shows itself in reluctance, or a drawing back, like a snail into its shell. It is evident that neither one of these faculties constitutes the power of Progression or is capable of manifesting it in material or spiritual things. Perseverance by itself shows only the truth of the saying "the greater haste, the less speed—" and determination by itself shows only in reference to what is determined there can be no progress. Hence it is that those young persons who have relatively too much perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge ruin their health, and thus lose more time and with it more knowledge than they have gained by haste. But Determination and Perseverance in equal degree, and conjoined, constitute Progression, and manifest themselves in a perpetual march of improvement in moral, intellectual and physical things. In their relation to each other they are capable of accomplishing great things, as was seen to be the case also with Resolution and Self-will in equal degrees—and all who have become proficient or acquired greatness by their own exertions and not merely by the gifts of genius or fortune, have had strong determination and self-will, as well as perseverance and resolution.

Progression is particularly exercised in reference to Proportion, as Perseverance is in reference to Number, and as Determination is in reference to Size. The sculptor, if he be a master, possesses these faculties in their equal relation to each other, and in a superior degree. He is in a state of *free-will* so far as the progress and proportion of his work are concerned, for he is as free to restrain the action of his hand as to carry it on, and thus he gives the nicest strokes imaginable. Should he go in the least too fast and too far, which he did not intend to do, he acts contrary to free-will, and destroys the Proportion of his work which consists in perfect unity and harmony. Like the sculptor the Progressive Reformer will possess the elements of Progression equally and in a superior degree, and thus be a free man doing no more nor less than he should, and able to accomplish most in the best manner.

Psychological Department.

A REVELATION.

The theology of the present would divorce the indwelling Divinity of the Universe from its outward form; cut off all direct connection between the Creator, and the spirits he has made;—close up the avenues of spiritual sensation, and, by its cold formalism and materiality, would ossify the very souls of men; so that the divine energy, and the thoughts of angelic beings might no longer flow into the human mind. Whatever is inexplicable it regards as supernatural, and limits all inspiration to the writers of a single book, teaching that the day of revelations and miracles has past by, and that man may no longer receive divine communications. This theology has indeed received baptism in the name of Jesus, but it is not purified of its outward corruptions, or divested of its inherent grossness and materialism.

To this system we oppose a divine philosophy, which regards spirit as the origin and end of all things, the cause of all external forms, and the source of all visible phenomena. It teaches that Deity pervades and governs, by unvarying laws, the Universe of material and spiritual existence; that ALL TRUTH IS NATURAL and adapted to the rational faculties of man, that God is enshrined in the human soul, and that all men, as they become God-like in spirit and life, are rendered susceptible to divine impressions, and may receive revelations from a higher sphere of intelligence. And we have reason to believe that many persons *do* receive such communications now, as well as in former ages. We have made these observations in view of a recent example mentioned by Rev. U. Clark in his memoir of Charles H. Boughton, which we copy from the "Christian Freeman."

An incident bordering on the mysterious occurred in connection with his death. His familiar friend and companion for years, G. H. Clark, of Lawrence, Mass., on the morning of Mr. Boughton's death, had a presentiment of the event, and immediately started for Canandaigua, a journey of about five hundred miles. Calling on the writer at Lowell, on his way, he stated the presentiment he had, and remarked that he had an impression that when he arrived at Canandaigua he should find Mr. Boughton deceased, and his body ready for burial. His impression proved correct, and on his arrival at Canandaigua, on the afternoon of April 12th, he found the orders of Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance, of which the deceased had been a member, already assembled to pay the last rites of respect to the departed brother.

In the days of the Hebrew prophets the same occurrence would have been recorded somewhat on this wise: In the land of Massachusetts there dwelt a man whose name was Clark.—And it came to pass that the angel of the Lord came and said unto him, thy friend Charles, whose surname is Boughton, is sick unto death. Arise, therefore, and go quickly unto the place that is called Canandaigua, and behold thou shalt find that thy friend is ready to be buried in the sepulchre of his fathers!—And Clark obeyed the voice of the Angel, and arose and departed. And when he was come nigh unto the town, behold there was a multitude assembled, and he entered the house and inquired wherefore the people were come together. And one answered him saying, Charles, which is also called Boughton, is dead, and the people sorrow for he was a just man, and blameless before the Lord.

It is worthy of observation that the above is called a *presentiment*, and in the judgment of those who invest the ancient revelations with a supernatural origin and an infallible authority, has nothing especially sacred in its character, and no sufficient claim to divine origination; and yet, had the same been written in the patriarchal period, and been recorded in the Bible, it would have been regarded to this day as a direct and *special* revelation from Heaven.

When we learn to reverence truth instead of the mere medium through which it is made known; when the universal judgment of mankind is formed from a knowledge of the intrinsic character of things, irrespective of outward circumstances and arbitrary claims, the long night of ignorance and superstition will have past away.

S. B. B.

REMARKABLE DREAMS.

MR. EDITOR:

I TRANSCRIBE the subjoined account of some remarkable dreams, in the presumption that they may not be deemed unworthy of republication in your Psychological Department. The first is related by Sir Walter Scott, in a note to one of the volumes of Waverley, and considered by him authentic:

"Mr. R. of Bowland, a gentleman of landed property in the vale of Gala, was prosecuted for a very considerable sum, the accumulated arrears of tithes on this estate, claimed to be due to a noble family, who were the titulars, (impropriators of the tithes.) He was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had *purchased* these lands from the titular, and that, therefore, the prosecution was groundless. But, after industrious search among his father's papers, an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law business for his father, no evidence could be obtained to support his defence. The period was now near at hand when he conceived the loss of his law-suit to be inevitable, and he had formed his determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He went to bed with this resolution, and had a dream to the following purpose. His father, who had been many years dead, appeared to him, and asked why he was disturbed in his mind. He informed his father of the cause of his distress, adding that he had a strong belief that the demand was not due, though he was unable to bring any evidence to confirm it. "You are right, my son," replied the paternal shade; "I *did* acquire right to these teinds (tithes) for payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr. —, a writer (or attorney) who now resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on that occasion for a particular reason. It is very possible he may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token—that when I came to pay his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and that we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern."

Mr. R. awaked in the morning with all the words of the vision imprinted on his mind, and thought it worth while to ride across the country to Inveresk, instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the dream, whom he found to be a very old man. Without saying anything of the vision, Mr. R. inquired of him if he remembered having conducted such a matter for his deceased father. The old gentleman could not at first bring the circumstance to his recollection; but, on mention of the Portugal gold piece, the whole returned to his memory. He made an immediate search for the papers, and found them,—and Mr. R. carried to Edinburgh the documents necessary to gain the cause which he was on the verge of losing."

The following is related by Dr. Abercrombie, who pronounces it "inexplicable," but vouches for its truth:

"Two ladies had been in attendance for several days upon their brother, who was ill, but not considered dangerous. One of the sisters had borrowed a watch of a female friend, while her own was under repair. The sisters were sleeping in a room communicating with that of their sick brother, when the elder of them awoke in a state of great agitation, and having roused the other, told her that she had had a frightful dream. 'I dreamed,' she said, 'that Mary's watch had stopped; and that

when I told you of the circumstance you replied, much worse than that has happened, for brother's breath has stopped also.' To quiet her agitation the younger sister immediately got up, and found the brother sleeping quietly, and the watch going correctly. The following night the very same dream was repeated, followed by similar agitation, which was again composed in the same manner—the brother being found as before in a quiet sleep, and the watch going well. On the following morning, after the family had breakfasted, one of the sisters was sitting by her brother, while the other was writing a note in an adjoining room. When her note was ready to be sealed, she proceeded to the desk where was placed the watch alluded to, for the purpose of using the seal attached to it, when she was astonished to find it had stopped. At the same moment she heard a scream of intense distress from her sister in the other room. Their brother, who had been considered as going on favorably, had been seized with a sudden fit of suffocation, and had just then breathed his last."

In the article "Spectre," in the third (Edinburgh) edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, occurs the following, which the writer states he received on unquestionable authority:

"A captain of an East Indian had an honest, faithful servant, named John, for whom he had a great regard. John died, if we recollect right, on a voyage from England to the East Indies, during a French war. As the ship approached the place of its destination, the captain had a dream, in which John appeared to him, and earnestly besought him not to sail to the port for which he was bound, as it was in the hands of the enemy. The captain, though not addicted to superstition, thought it prudent to follow this admonition; and after landing at a different port, he was informed that the place to which he had intended to steer, was, according to the information of the dream, captured by the French. On the voyage home, the Captain had a second dream, in which John again appeared to him, and gave him notice that he should soon die, and that the ship should be taken in the mouth of the Channel by the French. Next morning the Captain called his first mate, told him his dream, which he believed was prophetic, and delivered to him his papers, for safe-keeping after his decease. Every thing happened exactly as the dream had foretold—the Captain died, and the vessel was taken by a French man-of-war in the mouth of the Channel."

J. H. D.

Original Communications.

THE PERFECT FAMILY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELOM,
BY MRS. F. M. BAKER.

Cannot every one follow me, while I imagine a perfect family, all loving and beloved. The father extends his providence and care to all, for he feels no partiality and he anxiously desires the good of all. The mother watches and nurtures all with untiring patience and undying love, for it is her nature to feel the most tender solicitude for all her own offspring. No brother would overreach, or defraud, or injure, another, for he feels toward him no jealousy, no envy. No sister would calumniate or wound the feelings of another, for she feels toward her no ill-will, no suspicion. In a word, that family is devoid of selfishness, what one member enjoys, he is anxious to share with all.—What of good one possesses, be it of wealth, or what not, he would divide it equally; for he could never be happy himself, while he knew another was in need, either through his own or another's means.

How delightful to contemplate such a family, each one happy only in the happiness of all the rest.

Now, we are all members of one family. Our great Father

exercises toward us a care, which no earthly father can do. Our mother, Earth, furnishes in abundance, not only necessities, but even luxuries for all. But how do we the brethren and sisters? Do we act well our parts? Is it well to destroy in each other confidence in our Father, by maligning his character or enshrouding it in mystery? Is it well to rob each other of the gifts of our mother, to hoard up her treasures, while some of our brethren actually suffer from want? Is it well to increase our own goods, at the expense of the comforts of others; by pandering to their tastes and appetites, which we have perhaps helped to vitiate? Is it well to attempt to rise to fame or eminence on another's downfall or ruined reputation? Is it well to establish our own opinions or actions as an infallible standard, by which the words and deeds of all others must be squared; thus taking from our brethren the last right, that of thinking and speaking for themselves? Even our father is not thus dictatorial, and shall we assume an authority which he has never exercised, nor delegated to another?

Alas we are surely an erring family! Very little do we in our own self righteousness, realize the appearance which our conduct bears in the eyes of our Father, who sees not only that outward deed, but the feeling which dictated it, the motive which prompted it. But for our own selfishness, how perfect a family might we become. No miracle need our Father work to make us one. Upon our own will does it all depend. Far easier can we be near our Father, than thus estranged from him. Far easier be loving and kind brethren and sisters, than thus hating and warring; for now we are at variance, not only with others, but with all our own best thoughts and desires: then we should be acting exactly in accordance with our natures.

THE CREATION.

For nearly two centuries, and how much longer I know not, man has been taught to believe, that there was a time when space was a vast Nothing, and darkness covered the depths. But from this theory whether contained in the Bible or promulgated by clerical authority I must dissent. What! chaos filling *all* space, and yet the supreme Ruler—the Almighty—the Creator—existing! A perfect contradiction of terms, a foolish dogma, springing from ignorance, and kept alive by priesthood, and monarchy, and as much allied to reason and truth, as that fire and water can be mingled together. If a similar theory pertaining to any other subject, should be advanced, how long, think you, would it be sanctioned by public approval.

Where was the habitation of the Almighty, during the reign of Chaos, or Nothing? He was in existence, and whether in a material or spiritual sense, he must have occupied at least some space, but how could he if space was nothing. The dogma, will only answer for those, who look up to man, and allow others to do their thinking, (?) to instruct them what to believe; but for those who think for themselves, and look up to God as revealed throughout nature, it will not suffice; they must have something in harmony with reason, and Nature's laws.

I have been considering the subject, as distinct from God, he having a separate existence (according to popular doctrine) from creation, but I dissent from that theory also. My investigations of Nature, lead me to the direct conclusion, that God and Matter are co-existent, without beginning and without end, in some form or other—in fact that "God as the Spirit, and Creation" as the Body, are as inseparably connected for eternity, as the human soul and body are for this life.

Let me be a little more definite. I infer that the principle called *vitality*, which pervades all Nature,—even so illimitable in extent, that the point of the finest needle cannot be set down, but it rests upon it,—even the hardest flint is filled with it,—is the Spirit of the universe through which all things are eternal in some form, and destined to progress infinitely towards perfection.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1848.

FASHIONABLE WOMEN.

I HAVE for a long time intended to say a word or two on this subject, and now I can say *but* a word;—yet if it even be suggestive to others, it will not be wholly in vain. Without at all touching the great question of Woman's Rights, or the equality of her intellect with that of man, let me enquire, what is generally made the ultimate of female Education? Let it be understood that by education I mean the whole process of training, and not any particular system, or course of study. Is it not to establish herself?—to get a husband?—To this end she is taught all that can fascinate—all that can charm the senses—and strength whether physical, or mental, is supposed to be incompatible with this. She is thus made the mere parasite of man. She loses her own identity. In a vast majority of cases—in fact almost universally—she becomes hardly conscious of a self-dependant being. She is made the mere appendage of her father, her husband, or her brothers. We have heard the story of Woman, the tender graceful vine, clinging for support around Man, the lordly majestic oak, until woman absolutely forgets that she is invested with the power to stand alone—if need be—endowed by nature with all the physical, mental, and moral energies of a self-dependant, and self-accountable being.

Ask for the definition of the word Lady, and you are answered it is a female, who, being placed wholly above the necessity of labor herself, may command the labor and the services of others. What a dignity is here coveted! No less than that of complete uselessness. Now in these cases the greatest danger is not in the idleness, but that the natural activity of the mind may be developed in wrong directions. Surely very little moral consistency, or dignity of character, could be expected of one, to whom the highest motive for excellence, which has been presented, is to get a fine establishment!

But the mind cannot be crushed altogether. It will live; it will act. And with many temptations, and few restraints, it will, almost necessarily act wrong. Take for example a small circle of school girls. One is more beautiful and attractive than the others. She dances more gracefully—she murmurs her Italian love sonnets with a more liquid and tender enunciation—she glides more voluptuously through the spiral mazes of the waltz—and her fair rounded arm makes a finer contrast with the dark rosewood of the gilded harp. The advantages of these qualities are soon found out by their possessor, as well as by her less fortunate companions. And even before she has left the nursery, the theme of her beauty, accomplishments, and probable conquests, is rife in the mouth of every friend, and visitor of the family. She will certainly make a great sensation in "coming out;" and all her hopes, all her dreams, all her efforts, point to this, as the Rubicon of Life. In the mean time a course of jealousy, and petty rivalry, is begun between her and her companions. The Beauty anticipates her doom, and becomes prematurely a vain flippant belle, to whom the stimulus of admiration is already a vital aliment; and her school-mates are correspondingly envious, malicious, and detracting. These feelings grow, and strengthen, and are finally carried into society. It must be obvious to the common sense of all, that a higher object of emulation, more exalted notions, and a purer code of morals, would transform these butterflies of an hour—these excrescences of human life—into rational, intellectual, and moral beings, ca-

"But says one," if that be the case, then you must think that man is only on an equal footing, as to eternity, with the brute, the vegetable, and mineral kingdoms! This does not follow in the sense the objection means. I infer that these two principles, matter and vitality, are equally susceptible of progression and by their conjoint action man has been produced, and that when he has performed his allotted duty, his material part goes back to its primitive elements, completing its "circle," and his spiritual part goes to its spiritual Parent, to start on a new and higher "circle." I infer also that the function of the spiritual, to be performed after it has left the material, is to be with, and accompany in the spiritual character, the remaining portions of mortality, watching over, guiding, and directing them in various ways. Who is there but every day finds a change, or addition rather in his intelligence? And from what source does it come? I infer from the superior knowledge of those spirits set free, who are engaged in the heavenly employment, of dispensing such blessings to every mortal through the medium of his brain.

From the above it will be seen, that while this spiritual principle—vitality, is confined to the lower kingdoms, it has not arrived to that state of perfection necessary to appear in the form of man, and that, therefore, it assumes a new material form, at dissolution in either of the kingdoms, instead of remaining in a separate state of existence, as it does at the dissolution of man—until it has completed its "circle;" yet I infer that is the same vital principle, that appears first in the vegetable, then in the animal, but is only in the rudimentary state, tending to its ultimate perfection in man.

I also infer that the principle of rotation, or rather of concentric circles, applies to the spiritual as well as the material existence, from the same reasons as all the above inferences viz, the laws of Spirit and Matter.

Southington, Ct., 1848.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

The day grows pensive at its close,
And wears a yellow hue—
And still a deeper sadness shows
In gentle evening dew.
Soon night will spread its sable pall—
The day is dying fast;
How ghost-like are the shadows tall
That on the ground are cast!
The cheerful sound of streams and floods
Becomes a hollow moan;
The rustling of the groves and woods
Hath now a wailing tone:
And plaintive on the air is heard
The night-hawk's piping call—
There's not a leaf by zephyr stirred
But hath a dying fall.

An emblem of our life below
Is every passing day—
More thoughtful of its end we grow
When we are growing grey.
Like pilgrim shadows to the shades
We soon shall hence be gone—
But when Earth's day declines and fades
Another day will dawn.
The darkness of the silent tomb
To which we are consigned,
Will cast a sad and solemn gloom
O'er those we leave behind;
And tears will then bedew the cheek,
And fall upon our bier,—
And sad will be the words they speak—
The friends who loved us here.

J. W. R.

pable of filling their high stations with dignity and honor—and of eclipsing, in the character of the true Woman, all that is most admired in the Lady. The waxen figures—nay, the very blocks where milliners are wont to hang their curls, their embroidery, and their artificial flowers for exhibition at the shop windows, are the wearers of fine things, and therefore have as much real claim to admiration, as many who are technically called Ladies. Yet these ladies are not to blame. They are as a false education, not as Nature made them; and they who have perverted the original design, are accountable for the spoil.

I wish that parents, and teachers, and guardians, and young ladies, themselves, would consider this. Life is a course of education, which should be conducted with reference to an eternity of existence. The great end of this state of being is usefulness—I take the term in its widest, and most liberal sense, and therefore connect it with happiness, of which it is the only legitimate basis: and this great law admits no modification of sex. I repeat; the great end of existence, whether in man or woman, is USEFULNESS; and for the ability to produce this effect, education should prepare us. “But usefulness,” says the pert simpering boarding-school miss—“usefulness is extremely vulgar.” Ah, my poor child, would that it were vulgar, in the true meaning and spirit of the term, even among ladies—would that it were “common”—But I will use the word in its popular sense; and let us enquire what are some of the most useful things about us, and see if they can be subjected to the charge of being low, or degrading, because of the fact of their usefulness. Is the common light of the sun vulgar? Is the wide-stretching earth, the ocean—the all-pervading atmosphere—exempt from the great law of usefulness? Are any of the material elements of being which surround us, vulgar? Certainly not. Every point of space has its true position, and its use; and it seems rather strange, that an exception to this universal law should be sought by intelligent creatures—that human beings should arrogate to themselves, the sole distinction of having been made in vain.

As a general rule idleness and innocence will not co-exist; therefore, where there is not active and useful employment, there will be mischief; for the very activity of the mind, in such cases, makes it dangerous. I never knew but one instance, of a lady who seemed always contented with the negative state of mere passive existence; and she would sit in a great lolling-chair, from morning till night, with scarce sufficient vitality, to feel any interest even in the finery, which her fond mamma, and her obedient dressing-maid, were preparing, or hanging about her. Her character was, indeed, so inert, that she hardly seemed to have vanity; or if she had the passion, it was in a latent state; and its exercise cost her too great an effort. She was fashionably said to be oppressed with *ennui*; but it seems to me that laziness would be much the more expressive and appropriate term. Yet she was not a fool. There was a great deal of inert sentiment and feeling, in her large, lustrous, indolent blue eyes; and with proper stimuli, her exceedingly phlegmatic temperament might have been warmed, and her sluggish capabilities have been developed into a tolerably useful character, though she never could have been a very brilliant one.

The classic Andromache was never considered vulgar, because he could,

“Guide the spindle, and direct the loom.”

But, you say that spinning and weaving were fashionable in ancient Troy, and so they must have been lady-like, and becoming. Very true. Then create a fashion for what is useful. Make it popular and lady-like—as it is womanly—to do good. Every human being has a mission to perform. Then let every one place before her some definite object in life, modeled according to her tastes, capabilities, and circumstances. Place it high—very high—above all purely selfish principles, and conditions, and then ever strive to reach that; and if it is not attained altogether, in the bare effort there will be much good evolved.

Hannah More has given us a beautiful picture of a well educated woman. She says; “To an intellectual being diversions should always be subservient to the exercise of the intellectual faculties. The woman who derives her principles from the Law of Christ, and her amusement from intellectual resources, from the beauties of nature, or from active employment and exercise, will not pant for beholders. She is no clamorous beggar for the extorted alms of admiration. She lives on her own stock. Her resources are within herself. She possesses the truest independence. She does not wait for the opinion of the world, to know if she is right, nor for the applause of the world, to know if she is happy.”

We find in the same excellent author the following pertinent remarks. “One would suppose from the common mode of female education, that life consisted of one universal holiday, and that the only contest should be, who should best excel in the sports and games that were to be celebrated in it.” How mortifyingly true is this—and it is so to a great extent, even in this country. The grand business of life is set aside, in the vague and unsatisfying pursuit of pleasure. But laws, as well as facts, are stubborn things; and those of Nature are most especially so. These require that certain conditions of being must be fulfilled, before there can be that high state of combined physical, mental, and moral satisfaction, which we call happiness. Now, when all, or any considerable portion of these laws are contravened, as will be the case with all selfish seekers after mere pleasure, the end is subverted, and disappointment and misery ensue. There is not a hollow, worn-out wreck of fashion, but can attest to the truth of this. Her first pure affections—her domestic ties and responsibilities—her intellect—her heart—her morals—have been laid upon the altar of Fashion and Display. The votive offerings themselves consume, and no equivalent is found in their stead. Nothing is left but ashes.

But once more I turn to a fine passage of the above-quoted author. “A lady may speak a little French and Italian, repeat a few passages with a theatrical air, play and sing, have her dressing-room hung with her own drawings, and her person with her own embroidery—and may, notwithstanding, have been very badly educated.” And again—“If part of the immense pains which are taken to fit them (women) for the company of others, were taken to fit them for their own company; in teaching them the duties of solitude, as well as of society, this earth would be happier than it is. But to add a vacant mind to a form which has ceased to please; to provide no subsidiary aid to beauty while it lasts, nor substitute, when it is departed, is to render life comfortless, and marriage dreary.”

It is in vain to attempt to cleanse the streams, unless we first purify the fountain. It is in vain to attempt going far in the work of reforming the world, unless we first reform woman, who stands at the very source and fountain-head of all its strongest and most enduring influences. The Mother wields a power, either for good or evil, which no other human being ever can. How important—how necessary then, that she should know how to exercise it! The responsibility of the first teacher is the highest under Heaven! The very thought of it is enough to make the heart shrink, and tremble! Yet how many mothers feel, or know any thing of this? Let woman, then, learn her true mission, and she will exalt herself to her right and natural position in the social scale; and until this is done, we shall have gone but a very little way in the great work of change—we shall only have been laboring at the surface, while deep underneath lies one of the sorest evils—seated in the very heart of the Social System. But there is a tendency to this healthful change, even now; and the pure light which is going abroad, will shine into the drawing room, as well as the humble cottage, and wholly eclipse the factitious glare of artificial splendor; until, in the fulness of its genial and all-pervading beams, the False will recede, and the True will appear—the monster, Fashion, will be dethroned—and Nature reign triumphant.

ONE-IDEAISM.

It is a little remarkable, what a predilection there is among mankind, for devotion to single ideas. The Religious, the political, and even the scientific world, seem to be afflicted with this mania for one-ideas. You can hardly meet a man in the streets, or in the social circle, who is not all absorbed in some peculiar idea, either of Religion or Politics. They act too, as though they thought that if their ideas or idea, could be carried out in practical life the world would be a perfect paradise, and mankind have attained the highest round in the ladder of progress and truth. Very few take broad and comprehensive views of man, of truth, of nature and Providence. Each one seems to travel in a circle, like the mill-horse, who follows ever the same track, with not the remotest wish to deviate therefrom.

In the Political world, one man looks upon Free Trade, as the greatest of all blessings; one that would confer "peace and plenty" on the great mass of mankind. To the advancement of this idea, he gives his whole time and every thought. Another, imagines that a Bank, a Great Regulator in the monetary affairs of the country is needed, and that every thing will speedily go to ruin if this measure is not soon effected. Another opposes African Slavery as *the great*—if not the *only* evil in the wide universe and devotes all his energies both of body and mind, to the advancement of this idea. He has no heart for any other work, and every one who will not join him in his darling enterprise is regarded as either *timid*, or wanting in love for the race. Capital Punishment, Prison Reform, Reorganization of Society, Land Reform, with a host of other enterprises, fasten themselves so thoroughly on the mind and heart of certain persons that they give no heed to other evils, or Reforms, trusting that they have found the Archimedean fulcrum, which shall enable them to overturn the mountains of evil and misery that weigh down upon and crush the human soul.

In the Religious world, we see the same principle developed. Every sect and party is founded on some particular idea, which to them is the *acme* of truth—the *sine qua non* of all good. Calvinism, Methodism, Baptism, Unitarianism, and Universalism, are severally founded on the one-idea principle. They take their origin from their devotion to some peculiar dogma, which is indicated somewhat by the name. Calvinism—from Election and Reprobation—Methodism from free-will, Baptism from Immersion, Unitarianism from the Unity of God, and Universalism from the final salvation of the whole human race. Each of these ideas, has found more or less advocates, but as is always the case with those who dwell on one thought, they have all become dogmatical—narrow and intolerant. They have gloated on their peculiar ideas so long, that they suppose the world to contain little else that is good, and that no other idea is worthy their attention or thought.

Thus, in the devotion of parties and sects to their peculiar notions, the world of mankind is left to sink in the vortex of selfishness. While sectarians are quarrelling about their creeds, humanity is groaning in the bondage of physical chains, and moral degradation.

What benefit is to accrue from the universal reception of any one of these *peculiar* ideas? Will it make men any better or happier in this life—will it give them bread to eat, or clothes to wear, or make them essentially better, to convince them of the truth of either of these dogmas? I do not think it. The man with the largest idea—the *sectarian* Universalist falls far short of his neighbor with the narrowest idea, in his practical illustration of religious truth. The one manifests no less attachment to a sect, and no more love of *humanity* than the other. A *sectarian* and bigoted Unitarian or Universalist is as useless in society, and as great an evil, as a *sectarian* and bigoted Calvinist or Methodist. The *true* man, receives what is good in all parties, and his religion is benevolence—doing good to the suffering creatures of God—our Brothers.

D. H. F.

VIEWS OF SWEDENBORG.

BR. BRITTAN:

I AM glad to see from some of the recent numbers of your paper, that the attention of the friends of humanity is beginning to be directed towards a Church organization. It is becoming more and more evident that the old forms of ecclesiastical organization are rapidly losing the power of accomplishing *all* the good which may be done in the world, however efficient they may have proved themselves in part; or however efficient they may still be, to accomplish many of the ends which they propose to themselves. As you have set out on a liberal basis, and seem ready to embrace *truth*, from whatever source it may be derived, or by whomsoever it may be announced, I have ventured to send you a few extracts on the subject of the Church, taken from the writings of Swedenborg: not expecting any one to adopt them merely because they are his, but asking yourself and readers to approve them only so far as they shall after mature consideration find them to be correct.

THAT THE END OF CREATION IS A HEAVEN OUT OF THE HUMAN RACE.—"That heaven consists only of such as were born men, is shown in the work concerning Heaven and Hell, published at London in 1758, and also above; and as heaven does not consist of any others, it follows that the end of creation is a heaven out of the human race. But the same will be still more manifestly seen from an explanation of the following points. 1. That every man is created to live to eternity. 2. That every man is created to live to eternity in a state of happiness. 3. That every man is created to go to heaven. 4. That the divine Love cannot do otherwise than desire it, and that the divine Wisdom cannot do otherwise than provide for it. Since from these considerations it may also be seen that the Divine Providence is no other predestination than to heaven, and that it cannot be changed into any other, it is here to be demonstrated, in the order proposed, that the end of creation is a heaven out of the human race." [D. P. 323, 324.]

THAT TO SUPPOSE THAT THOSE ONLY ARE SAVED WHO ARE BORN WITHIN THE CHURCH IS AN INSANE HERESY.—"Those who are born without the Church are men as well as those who are born within it; they are of the same heavenly origin, and are equally living and immortal souls; they have a religion by which they acknowledge that there is a God, and that they ought to live well; and he that acknowledges that there is a God, and lives well, becomes spiritual in his degree and is saved."

THAT TO SUPPOSE ANY OF THE HUMAN RACE ARE PREDESTINED TO BE DAMNED IS A CRUEL HERESY.—"For it is cruel to think that that the Lord, who is Love itself, and Mercy itself, would suffer so vast a multitude of men to be born for hell, or that so many myriads of myriads should be born condemned and devoted, that is, born devils and satans; and that he would not out of his divine wisdom provide, that those who live well and acknowledge a God should not be cast into everlasting fire and torment. The Lord is the Creator and Savior of all; He alone leads all, and wills not the death of any one. Therefore it is cruel to think and believe that so great a multitude of nations and people under his auspices and inspection should be predestined to be delivered as a prey to the devil." [D. P. 330.]

THAT THESE ARE THE COMMON ESSENCE OF ALL RELIGIONS, BY WHICH EVERY ONE IS SAVED.—"To acknowledge a God, and not to do evil because it is against God, are the two things by virtue of which religion is religion. If one of them is wanting, it cannot be called religion: for to acknowledge a God, and to do evil is contradictory, as well as to do good and not acknowledge a God: one does not take place without the other. It is provided by the Lord that there is some religion almost every where, and that in every religion there are these two essentials."

[D. P. 326.]

EVERY RELIGION IN PROCESS OF TIME DECREASES AND IS CONSUMMATED.—"Upon this earth there have been several

Churches, one after another. . . . These Churches are described in the Word but not historically, with the exception of the Israelitish or Jewish Church, before which, nevertheless, there existed several that are only described in the Word under the names of persons and nations, and certain particulars concerning them. The most ancient Church, which was the first, is described by Adam and his wife Eve. The succeeding Church, which is called the Ancient Church, is described by Noah and his three sons and their posterity. . . . *It is also provided that a new church should succeed in the place of a former vastated church.* This has been the case from the most ancient times, namely, that when a former Church was vastated, a new one succeeded. After the Most Ancient Church the Ancient Church succeeded; after the Ancient, the Israelitish or Jewish; after that the Christian Church, and that after this last a New Church will succeed, is foretold in the Apocalypse, in which such a Church is signified by the New Jerusalem descending from heaven."

We believe that the Church of the Past is now to be rapidly succeeded by the Church of the Future, and are willing to recognise as brothers all those who are earnestly laboring to bring about such a consummation. We must not however lose too much of our time in merely defaming the Past, but must pass on with our whole heart and soul toward the more promising Future. The time has already arrived when the strong and broad affirmations, on which the new superstructure is to be raised, can begin to be made: and when the preliminary exertions necessary to the realization of better hopes, can be entered upon.

W. B. H.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE Twenty-third Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design is now open. The usual number of portraits decorate the walls, while compositions of a higher character hold but a limited place. This however is simply an evidence of public taste—our artists would certainly prefer original ideal subjects to this more circumscribed branch of art.

Among artists and connoisseurs this Exhibition is regarded as superior to those of previous years. The display of artistic merit is greater than in former collections, notwithstanding the loss of some of the best talent.

Our limits prevent us from entering into a detailed criticism of each work; we will, therefore, offer as briefly as possible, a few thoughts on those paintings which appear to merit a large share of attention.

In our opinion, *UNITY* should be one grand end in every Picture; whatever idea is presented, should be made to appear most conspicuous, and every part should be in subservience and tend to give force and prominence to it. Whatever is introduced, not answering this purpose, is useless and wrong. Harmony is the result of a proper balance of light and shade, and a judicious arrangement of objects and colors; and what is indispensable, is a general illumination of a picture by *one light*; that is, every object, whether its local color be warm or cold, should be subject to the same degree of warmth; this is what constitutes unity of color—it is a principle of nature, and no artistic ingenuity can compensate for its violation.

In the department of art embraced in color the most opposite and varied opinions have been entertained, and the number of painters who have mastered its intricacies has been comparatively small. Our modern artists direct their attention too much to particular and individual effects, and also to materials and methods, rather than to the investigation of general laws of light. A glance at this collection will induce the conviction that either our idea of unity of light is false, or that many of the paintings are sadly out of harmony.

No. 179. Portrait of a Gentleman, by C. L. ELLIOTT, N. A.

As a work of Art, embracing simplicity and grace of attitude,

beauty and force of effect, richness and variety of local color, we consider this unsurpassed: the keeping is admirable, and the expression true to the very life. We are inclined to the opinion that this painting is as fine a specimen of modern portraiture as can be produced either here or abroad. Notwithstanding the extreme artistic merit embraced in it, we cannot see the propriety of painting the neckcloth so positively white, while the lights on the flesh are comparatively warm. There seems to be a want of harmony in this respect.

No. 165. Portrait of a Lady, by N. JOCELYN, H.

An elegant specimen from this distinguished artist. It is finely drawn with a natural position, and extremely well colored—decidedly superior in this to his previous works which we have examined. His former portraits are somewhat leaden, but in this we see purity, clearness and truth, besides particular beauties which every discriminating mind will observe and appreciate.

No. 10. Portrait of H. K. Brown, A., by D. HUNTINGTON, N. A.

A spirited and characteristic likeness, well colored, and possessing a solidity seldom seen in other works. Mr. H. has two compositions, 38 and 14, which we esteem more highly than his productions of the last exhibition. No. 186, Christian Faith, by the same artist, is very pure and heavenly in expression, but somewhat weak in effect, when compared with his Sybil, painted six years back. We regret to see this change in execution.

No. 81. Ruth and Naomi, by W. PAIGE, N. A. "Orpha kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her." *Ruth* 1: 14.

This painting has been announced as forthcoming from time to time until the artist has succeeded in presenting it fairly to the public. In some of the notices much talent and ingenuity have been used in explaining the nature and design of the painting. We do not perceive the truth of the atmosphere; it is neither misty nor clear, but presents a disagreeable obscurity. The imagination is drawn upon too largely. One may, indeed, by gazing, persuade himself of the idea aimed at, but he will ever feel a want of the actual. The composition is grand and impressive, intimating the reality of the subject. The expression of Naomi's countenance corresponds to our conception of what is heavenly—that of the sister is deep with her inner feelings—while the mother portrays firmness and benignity of character. We will not enter into the minutæ, but the conception and general execution is worthy a master mind. Mr. Paige has several portraits, which, with the exception of his *patent method*, are fine embodiments of the original characters.

Nos. 78 and 190, by H. P. GRAY, N. A.

The works of this artist breathe a spirit of purity, and chasteness of color, which we look in vain for in other productions. His management of effect, his attitudes, disposition of drapery and *unity*, place him in these departments at the head of American Art. No. 78, Portrait of an Old Gentleman, is treated in a simple, yet elevated manner. The hands, and coloring throughout, are masterly and truthful. It should occupy a more conspicuous place.

In Landscape, there is a most refreshing scene from the pencil of DOUGHTY—certainly his best effort, and a most perfect image of Nature.

Mr. DURAND has two elegant scenes, and he well maintains his deserved reputation.

There are several hundred specimens of art by living artists, most of which possess a large share of merit, and afford the beholder gratification of a high order. Those who have an opportunity to visit the collection, and do not embrace it, will deprive themselves of a high source of instruction and pleasure.

He who thinks no man above him but for his virtues, and no man below him but for his vices, can never be obsequious, or assuming, in a wrong place; but will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity those above him.

Original Poetry.

A SUMMER NOON.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCÆLUM,
BY FANNY GREEN.

STILLNESS of Summer noontide over hill,
And deep embowering wood, and rock, and stream,
Spread forth her downy pinions, scattering sleep
Upon the drooping eyelids of the Air.
No wind breathed through the forest, that could stir
The lightest foliage. If a rustling sound
Escaped the trees, it might be nestling bird ;
Or else the polished leaves were turning back
To their own natural places, whence the wind
Of the last hour had flung them. From afar
Came the deep roar of waters, yet subdued
To a melodious murmur, like the chant
Of Naiads ere they take their noontide rest—
A tremulous motion stirred the aspen leaves ;
And from their shivering stems an utterance came,
So delicate and spirit-like, it seemed
The soul of music breathed without a voice !
The Anemone bent low her drooping head,
Mourning the absence of her truant Love,
Till the soft languor closed her sleepy eye,
To dream of zephyrs from the fragrant South,
Coming to wake her with renew-ed life.
The Eglantine breathed perfume ; and the Rose
Cherished her reddening buds, that drank the light,
Fair as the vermillion on the cheek of Hope !
Where'er in sheltered nook, or quiet dell,
The waters, like enamored lovers, found
A thousand sweet excuses for delay,
The clustering lilies bloomed upon their breast,
Love-tokens from the Naiads, when they came
To trifle with the deep, impassioned Waves.

The wild bee, hovering on voluptuous wing,
Scarce murmured to the blossom, drawing thence
Slumber with honey ; then in the purpling cup,
As if oppressed with sweetness, sank to sleep.
The wood-dove tenderly caressed his mate—
Each looked within the other's drowsy eye
Till outward objects melted into dreams.
The rich vermillion of the tanager,
Or summer red-bird, flashed amid the green,
Like rubies set in richest emerald.
On some tall maple sat the oriole,
In black and orange, by his pendant nest,
To cheer his brooding mate with whispered songs.
While high amid the loftiest hickory,
Perched the loquacious jay, his turquoise crest
Low drooping, as he plumed his glossy coat,
Rich with the changeful blue of Nazareth.
And higher yet, upon a towering pine,
Stood the fierce hawk : half slumbering—half awake—
His keen eye flickering in his dark unrest,
As if he sought for plunder in his dreams.
The scaly snake crawled lazily abroad
To revel in the sunshine ; and the hare
Stole from her leafy couch—with ears erect
Against the soft-air-current ; then she crept
With a light velvet foot-fall through the ferns.
The squirrel staid his gambols ; and the songs
Which late through all the forest arches rang,
Were graduated to a harmony
Of rudimental music, wild and sweet.—

Making the soft wind richer—as the notes
Had been dissolved, and mingled with the air.

Pawtucket almost slumbered ; for his waves
Were lulled by their own chanting ; breathing low
With a just audible murmur, as the soul
Is stirred in visions with a thought of love,
He whispered back the whisper, tenderly,
Of the fair Willows, bending over him,
With a light hush upon their stirring leaves,
Blest watchers o'er his day-dreams.

THE DISCONSOLATE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCÆLUM,
BY J. B. WEBB.

I WOULD not weep when earth is bright,
And dressed in robes of pleasant green,—
And gloriously the fount of light
Is flashing o'er the joyful scene :

I would not mourn when little birds,
In strains so sweet their pleasures sing,
And to the heart of these lone woods
A gush of gentle music bring :

I would not grieve when soft low winds
Are whispering through the leafy trees,—
And crystal brooks in murmurs join
The sylvan music of the breeze ;

I would not ;—but some unseen hand,
Annuls, and makes the struggle vain ;—
Dark visions of the future steal
In silence through my burning brain.

For on the treacherous stream of life
I scarce had launched my tiny bark,
When o'er my head the tempest roared,
And storms were gathering fast and dark.

And now for those first sunny skies,
And heart-elating hopes I pine ;
Alas, 'tis Disappointment's frown
That chills this lonely heart of mine.

O, Nature, let me dwell with thee,
By thy wild glens and mountain springs,—
And there, from men and manners free,
For aye to soar on Fancy's wings.

Or let me haunt some lonely shore,
Where selfish man has never trod ;
Where, in the proud sea's mighty roar,
Is heard the voice of Nature's God.

A feeling in the dark old wood,—
A transport on the far-off plain,—
A rapture in the moaning flood,—
Runs thrillingly through every vein.

What is Friendship ? It is not the transient flame that burns
a moment and is extinguished forever—not a mere shade of feel-
ing that comes and goes, and is forgotten ;

“ But the high impulse that the stately soul
Feels slow engross it—but engross it whole.”

What is Love ? It is not

“ the wandering fire
That must be fed on folly or expire.”

It is a vital, eternal principle—the living, moving spirit of
Light and Beauty, which breathes the aroma of Heaven on all
the Earth. It is the Divinity we worship.

S. B. B.

Miscellaneous Department.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

THE WORK-GIRL.

[CONCLUDED.]

"Satisfied with averting the present evil, Mary urged him no farther then; but hurried him away, not to lose a moment in becoming reconciled to his father. Then, worn out with her long effort at composure, my poor girl threw herself into my arms, and wept without restraint her long-repressed and bitter tears. But Mary's heart is like an April day—sunshine ever following the showers; and after awhile she raised her head, and with a cheerfulness that took me by surprise, exclaimed, 'Well, Ellen, at any rate we shall not be parted; life will glide along the same as ever; and with hope to gladden, and the sense of doing right to bear us up, I think we ought to be even happier than before we were tried. And now from this time out, added she, with increasing liveliness, "I must be very careful, steady, and diligent, and so win a good character for old Maurice, as I have no money to buy one;" then sitting down to work with an air of diligence, she cried, "Now, Ellen, you'll have to bear witness in my favor; so here's to begin!"

Ellen then told how, in the evening, Garret returned; but though his heart was evidently lightened by his father's forgiveness, still it was also plain that he had not recovered his own disappointment. His impetuous, active nature found waiting and submission a hard trial; and it required a double exertion of fortitude on Mary's part to make him hope against hope. It was also evident that no change had been wrought in old Maurice's determination; so, convinced that matters could not long continue in this state, Ellen inwardly determined to make an effort to bring about some understanding. And an effort indeed it was for her. Naturally timid, and rendered still more diffident by her infirmity and secluded life, nothing but the power of an affection which was the first object of her existence, a love stronger than death, could have induced her to take the step she now meditated. This was to obtain an interview herself with old Maurice, and with her own lips plead the cause so dear to her heart. She knew him, as she said, by report to be a hard and stern man; but she had also always heard he was a sensible and just one. She had heard, too, of his having, in early life, loved his wife to idolatry, and cherishing her memory with a constancy that would never allow him to replace her; this, combined with his genuine love for Garret, inspired her with the hope that his feelings might be touched by her appeal; and she resolved on making an attempt to convince him that arithmetic was not the only rule for measuring human hearts.

We need not enlarge upon this interview. Enough to say, that, though at first causing some surprise she was received with civility and kindness, which gave her courage and even hope; and though she found it impossible to remove an opinion which had become fixed in old Maurice's mind, still, conquered by her earnestness, he modified it so far as to promise that if at the end of the year, Mary could bring him half the sum originally demanded—namely, ten guineas, and this fairly earned by their united industry—he would be proud and happy to welcome her as his daughter. In the mean time, he also required a promise from Ellen to keep both this meeting and agreement a secret from every creature except Mary herself.

"From Garret?" asked Ellen pleadingly.

"Yes, from Garret especially," said the old man. "Can Mary be depended on to oblige me in this?"

"You shall see," answered Ellen proudly. Old Maurice smiled; and ratifying the treaty with a warm benediction and shake of the hand, they parted mutually pleased. Since then long months had passed away, and yet not so very long, for hope

and constant industry had made the time seem short; and if Garret would sometimes, without those aids, wax impatient, a gentle word from Ellen, reminding him of his promise, would induce him to keep it with a good grace. He would good-humoredly say, "You are our pilot, Ellen, and in such hands it would be hard indeed if we refused to answer her helm." While Mary, assenting with beaming eyes, would think to herself, "Ah! if he knew but all,"

But now the time was drawing very near. The "Sarah Jane," the vessel in which Garret was to have taken a berth last year, was to sail again in another month; and more than once of late he had mentioned this in a way that plainly showed that his mind was dwelling on the voyage. The two girls worked harder, more perseveringly than ever; but they lived in a remote place, and, until Mrs. Villars' kindness had provided them with employment, their tasks had been precarious, and remuneration small; so that when on the very morning, after a painful interview with Garret, the sisters reckoned over their little hoard, they found it scarcely amounting to two thirds of the requisite sum, and Ellen sadly acknowledged that, from former experience, she was convinced it was useless to expect any further concession from old Maurice.

In this desponding mood she was found, as we have related, by Mrs. Villars, who listened to her artless narrative with deep and unaffected sympathy. When all was told, she spoke a few words of comfort and encouragement, expressive of the great use of trial to fortify and exalt the mind; and dwelt upon those lovely traits in Mary's character, which had been just described, and might have withered away under too bright a sun. Then opening the little parcel she still held, she unfolded a large square of lace, and laying a pattern before Ellen, said, "Do you think, Ellen, you both could work this into a veil, and have it ready by this day month? It is for a young friend to wear at her wedding, and you shall have five guineas if you do it well." Ellen's heart gave one wild throb; and for a moment she tried in vain to speak; then finding utterance, poured forth her thanks and hopes with a rapidity almost unintelligible. "Five guineas!—oh, dearest lady, what would we not attempt for that! Five guineas!—why, it has taken nearly a long year to put so much more together, and now it will seem but a day or two to earn the rest; and then you will be happy, my own Mary—happier and better for all your trouble. Oh, ma'am, fear not but we will accomplish it; and night and day we will work, until it is done." And night and day they worked, Mary at the plainer part, Ellen at the delicate stitches; while with admiration and renewed hope they contemplated each morning the progress they had made. At first Ellen thought to have given Mary the pleasure of a surprise, and, until it was done, to keep the amount of their reward a secret; but they had been too long accustomed to sharing every thought, to practice any concealment now; and one day remarking an unusually rapid progress, the whole truth burst in gladness from her lips.

To describe Mary's delight and astonishment is impossible. More busily she could not work, and for a while her trembling fingers refused to work at all; but day after day the sweet hope strengthened, and at last the appointed morning came, and found their task all but completed. It was, however, a day of unusual interruptions; and Ellen had each hour fresh cause to admire the improvement in Mary's temper, as without an impatient word, she would lay aside her work and attend to every demand. But evening still found them at their unfinished task, and Mrs. Villars required it that night at the very latest. Just as they were busily employed, in came Garret with his usual request for an evening walk, and, half-affronted when refused, he said reproachfully, "I believe there is some charm in that cobweb, for you never will put it by. Here I have tried in vain to get you out for an entire month. I will begin to think at last, Mary, that you take no pleasure in my company."

Mary's quick feelings rose at this undeserved reproach, and

with somewhat of her old spirit, she was about to retort; but remembering all their past sorrow, all her present hope, she paused and answered gently, "To prove the contrary, Garret, I condemn you never to leave me till this cobweb, as you call it, is fairly spun; and then—" She stopped short with a gasp, at having so nearly betrayed her secret; but her look was so eloquent of love and hope, that Garret started from his chair, and bending over her, inquired in hurried tones, "What then!—dearest Mary, what then!"

She threw back her head merrily as she looked up into his face; and though she tried to compose her features, a thousand smiles and dimples contradicted the demure accent with which she continued, "And then you may come with us when we take it home." Both Ellen and Garret laughed at this anti-climax; Ellen especially, well knowing what was in the glad girl's heart, and amused, besides, at Garret's somewhat puzzled countenance. But that soon brightened again under the happy influence; and, without seeking the reason why, he found himself chattering away with a lighter heart than he had felt for months.

The moon arose; but as that fair light has business of its own, our workwomen reserved it for a future hour, and sent Garret for the more terrestrial assistance of a pair of candles, to put the concluding stitches to their work. At length behold it finished! Ellen resigned the last two or three stitches to her sister, that by her hands it should be completed; and holding it up with an exclamation of triumph, poor Mary gazed joyfully at it for an instant, then flinging her arms round Ellen's neck, burst into tears. Garret looked on wonderingly, and made some efforts at consolation so wide of the mark, that Mary's weeping was at once changed into laughter, until her bright eyes overflowed again. Ellen at last, remembering that the best of men may sometimes grow impatient, and unwilling to try Garret too far, laid her hand on his arm, and said, "This is a bridal veil, Garret, and Mary and I have worked hard day and night to have it ready; it is to be worn by a fair and happy bride, while we—"

Garret required no further explanation of Mary's tears and excitement; and shaking off Ellen's hand with an upbraiding glance, as if he thought her for once in her life unfeeling, he answered warmly, "And if she is ever so fair and happy, she cannot be fairer than my own sweet Mary, or more deserving of the happiest lot." Then, before she had time to answer, he seized the veil, and playfully throwing it over Mary's hair, he added, "now tell me, Ellen, will there ever be a fairer bride than that?"

But he was answered by a loud cry from Ellen. In passing, the veil had touched the flame of the candle, and in an instant the delicate covering was in a blaze. Quick as thought, she tore it from that belovéd head; the next moment it lay in scorched and worthless fragments on the floor. To describe their consternation, their revulsion of feeling, is impossible. The present calamity was so overpowering, that for the minute it swallowed up all thought of remoter consequences, and—pale, speechless, and aghast—they gazed in silence first at one another, then at the fragile object on which their hopes had so lately rested. At last Mary, pale as death, and almost as calm, laid her arm on her sister's neck, and in a low sad tone murmured, "You see, Ellen, 'tis not to be!" Those words, uttered so despondingly, and Ellen's piteous tears, revealed to Garret somewhat of the truth, and though he could not guess the full extent of the misfortune, still he became at once aware that, in a moment's heedlessness, he had destroyed some plan essential to the happiness of all, and his self-accusation almost amounted to despair.

* * * *

It was morning once more; the sun shone out as brightly as if it had only to awaken light and happy hearts, and the sisters had arisen betimes, and again were busy with their daily work. With the poor, there can be no useless indulgence of regret, and

the labor of one hour often conquers the sorrow of the preceding; but we cannot wonder at the languor that now hung over Mary's usually active movements, or blame the large tear that would escape from her long, dark eyelashes, as a gentle sigh from Ellen now and then caught her ear. Otherwise, they were quite silent; they had exhausted the language of sorrow; and it was not at once the foundations of hope could be laid again. Still, they both were occupied with their different employments when a footstep approached, and looking round, Mary saw old Maurice Mahony standing in the door-way. Starting at sight of such an unusual visitor, her first thought was of Garret—that some harm had befallen him, and trembling violently, she found herself unable to ask; but Ellen with more self-possession, wished him good morning; and as he answered, "Good-morrow," kindly,—“Always busy, I see,” the tones of his voice at once reassured poor Mary, and awakened, she scarcely knew why, some indefinite feeling of hope.

He had not addressed her, but he now held out his hand, and drew her to a chair, beside which he seated himself. Ellen laid by her work, and there was a momentary pause of stillness and expectation. Maurice was a remarkable looking man. His hair, almost snow-white, combed back into smooth, old-fashioned curls, and his clothes, cut according to the fashion of a former generation, would have given him the appearance of great age, had it not been contradicted by his fresh complexion and still elastic step. His tall figure, scarcely stooped until his recent illness, and his firm, well-shaped mouth, and sagacious eyes and forehead, betokened an intellect still retaining all the vigor of its prime. He sat, as we have said, for a moment in silence, looking at the two anxious girls. At last he spoke; and, still retaining Mary's hand, related how Garret had returned home last night in a state little short of distraction; his heart so entirely full of one subject, that though it had never been renewed between them since the first painful day—under the influence of strong excitement, the interval seemed as nothing—the long smothered feeling burst forth, and he told him all that had occurred.

"It was very late," continued the old man, "but I could not go to rest till he came in, for I had felt all the evening more lonely than usual. The fire burnt low as I sat before it in thought; and fancy brought back again her I had laid long years ago in her narrow grave, and the children that had followed her; and I could see them all again smiling and chattering round the hearth, as they used to in those old hours. At last, from being very sorrowful these memories grew pleasant, and a dawning of the future seemed to gain upon the shadows of the past. I began to think; for the heart," added the old man solemnly, "is often prepared within itself for the way it ought to act; I began to ask myself why there were not smiling faces and sweet young voices round my hearth again, and why my best and only one was at that moment under the roof of a stranger—his thoughts full of bitterness against the old father that loved him all the time better than the veins of his heart—" "Oh no, no," interrupted Mary softly. Old Maurice sighed as he continued—"If it was so, Mary, I had to blame myself. It was shown me then that I had been too positive and unbending; and Ellen's words, and all her loving arguments, came back fresher to my mind than the day I heard them. I was not so hardened as you thought me that day, Ellen," added he, turning to her; "but I thought a little trial would do the young people no harm; for I knew their hearts were in the right place, only they wanted ballast. But it is not good for short-sighted mortals to take the province of the Most High. When He afflicts, He sees and knows all things. We may often do mischief, though intending good, when inflicting needless trial on the hearts that love us; and so Mary, achree, even before Garret came in, I had resolved on my future course, and was waiting to tell him so before I slept that night; but when he did come, and all was told—all the mischief he had done, and the sweet, patient way you bore

it—I thought the night too long till I could come and relieve my own heart and yours.

"And now Ellen," continued he, "how far were you able to fulfil your promise? for that you both did your best, I have no more doubt than that the sun is shining on us now. I have often noticed you hard at work when you little thought I was passing, let alone the good report from every one that ever names you. And there was a promise too, Ellen, that you made for another," added the old man with a smile; "and Mary, as there, you kept it well, as I saw by Garret last night; and though he'll hardly thank me for teaching you to keep a secret from him, he'll feel it makes you the worthier of his trust in time to come. Is this the money?" asked he, as he took the little box containing their united earnings from Ellen's hand, and poured out the precious hoard upon the table—half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, even half-pence—all as they had been received and deposited there, and a tear glistened in the old man's eyes as he reckoned over those tokens of affection and persevering industry. The sum amounted in all to little more than seven pounds; and when the total was announced, Ellen shook her head as she remarked, "It would have been too little after all." "It is enough," answered Maurice quietly; and selecting from amongst the coins a crooked sixpence, which, pierced, with a little hole had once probably been a true love token, he added, "I shall keep this for a luck-penny while I live; after that, Mary, it shall be yours in memory of this day. That is our share. The rest, dear Ellen—for your sake only I wish it had been more—but such as it is, keep it till you meet with some old man as unreasonable as myself." Ellen remonstrated; but in vain. Old Maurice made it a condition; and as Mary took his side, two to one carried the day; then, in compassion to Garret's impatience, he left them, as he said, to have his place better filled.

With what different feelings did the little group again pursue their way to the residence of Mrs. Villars. Forgetful of her own disappointment, she had listened with kind and womanly sympathy to their sorrowful communication the night before and now they hastened to tell her of their joy, and to ask her whether the time could possibly allow them to repair the accident by working another. "All for love, dear lady, this time; you must not think of offering us any money!" But Mrs. Villars had already taken measures to supply the loss, and, as her best apology for the delay, had transmitted to her the burnt fragments of the veil as an evidence of the beauty of the work, and of the accident which destroyed it. In relating the circumstances, she added the hope that as in Ireland a conflagration was considered an auspicious omen to a bride, good fortune might attend those relics in a tenfold proportion to the sorrow they had caused; and the young English girl, as she smiled at the augury, sent a thought across the waters from her own happy home, and determined not to enjoy the prosperous influence alone. She laid the open parcel on the table, and told its story in a way that went home to the hearts of her auditors.—Had she been covetous, she might have made Mary Roche the richest of her name; but guided by judgment as well as feeling, she contented herself with accepting a trifling gift from each, and so realized a sum which, though moderate in her eyes, far more than compensated for the labor they had lost. It was forwarded to Mrs. Villars, who divided it equally between the surprised and grateful girls: and it would have been more than human nature, had they not felt some little pleasure in the consciousness that Mary was not a portionless bride after all.

She and Garret never forgot their separate lessons of perseverance and patience acquired in that year of probation. They had truly learned them by heart, and such experience is seldom obliterated; and Ellen, happiest in the happiness of others—the dearest object of her heart attained—still felt that she had a sacred duty to perform. She devoted herself more entirely to her father, and in studying his wishes, endeavored gradually to improve them; and she was rewarded. Drawn to each other

by the absence of their mutual companion, he seemed each day more conscious of her excellence. Stimulated by the example of her cheerfulness and industry, he began to feel ashamed of his own listless indolence; and by degrees shaking off the influence of habit, he became an altered man. The "Work-girl's" cup of joy was full.

MARRIAGE.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

All institutions that have existed long among men have had their origin in Nature; and it is only by keeping within a certain degree of nearness to nature that any institution can be preserved. In proportion to their departure from nature, is the certainty that they will fail and perish. Of existing institutions, none is more clearly traceable to nature than that of marriage, and, indeed, from the clearness of this—from the fact that the number of the sexes are equal at the age of twenty-one, (though varying from this somewhat before and after)—from this indication there is one man for one woman at the proper time of marriage—it is usual to speak of marriage as a divine institution, independently of what is said of it in the Bible. But how marvelously and how mournfully have men contrived to perplex and corrupt this simple and natural relation! For ages past there have been marriages from state policy, marriages for connection, for money, for estates, for every convenience down to that of the poor ditcher, who declares, "I was, as one may say, devoured with varmint, and I married a wife to keep me clean." The notion of marriage for convenience has now such complete possession of the general mind, that a true love marriage is almost as a matter of course opposed in those ranks of society where others than the immediate parties claim to be considered; and the consequences are such as appal the heart of every thinker. It has been the rule through many gradations of society to love in one place, and marry in another; and this unavowed bigamy of course destroys the proportion under which alone marriage can be general and pure. Of all infectious evils, laxity of morals is the most so; and the laxity here spreads till the very idea of marriage is corrupted and debased.

We hear of sales of a wife in Smithfield, the ignorant parties often really believing such sales to be legal; and the cases of bigamy are becoming frightfully common. And see what can happen even in America; "At Philadelphia, on Monday, one German sued another for five dollars, the price of commission for procuring the latter a wife. The objection was, that the charge was too high. The plaintiff proved that the defendant stated his wish for a wife; the former in half an hour brought a German, to whom he was married in three days. The plaintiff was allowed his whole claim."

In another rank we see at this moment what happens. The potentates of Europe, and the politicians of Spain have long been contending as to whom the little Queen of Spain should marry. It appears that she wishes to marry a cousin, who wishes to have her. She is compelled to marry another cousin, who is his brother. All night were her mother and other advisers busy in persuading her—in overcoming her repugnance to the marriage. At seven in the morning, she went to bed overpowered and wretched. She is only fifteen years old. Her sister is only fourteen; and she must be married, too, to please the King of the French, who wants to marry his youngest son into Spain. Is any one irrational enough to expect fidelity in marriage thus made in markets and palace chambers? And does not the contagion of inconstancy spread? And are we then to wonder at the increase of bigamy, of seduction, of child-murder, and of gross profligacy? Marriage, which was designed to protect the sanctity of the love of man for the woman, has become the very means of obstructing such love and destroying the sanctity of it. To the pure and simple, it may be all that it

ever was; but to society at large, that which professes to be its chief moral safeguard has become a fatal snare. If it be asked, "What is to be done?" the answer is the old one, which will never wear out: those who have grace must be the salt of the earth. Every man and woman, who duly feel the holiness of that love which gives birth to the human life, and who enter upon it with conscience and affections as passion, may and will countervail a world of mischief done by profligacy. Every pair, who uphold in their lives the true original idea of marriage, must command such sympathy from the best of hearts as will shame the trafficking of the worst. If there are yet among us enough of the simple and the pure to reinstate the institution of marriage in its original sacredness, and separate it from its impious alliance with worldly interest, it may retain its name and place. If not—if the corruption spreads, and marriage is the name given to that legal prostitution which induces the illegal—some new name must be found for the genuine and holy marriage, while God ordains and nature exists.

THE LONE EMBROIDERER.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM.

SHE sleeps: see by the taper's wasting light
That soft hand clasps the needle still;
The village clock has toll'd the dead of night,
And its voice trembles on the distant hill.
There lies her work; an opening flower,
That well might grace some Eden bower,
Where those pale hands so long their art have plied,
In beauty blooms, with gorgeous coloring dyed.

One wasting faggot glimmers on the hearth,
And shadows flash upon the wall,
As though they danced in free, fantastic mirth,
Responsive to some hovering satyr's call.
The still light, sporting with the gloom,
But shows the cheerless, vacant room,
Where, poor and friendless, toils the patient girl;
An angel presence 'mid a heartless world.

She sleeps: and o'er that lofty brow and fair,
Deep shades of feeling to and fro
Pass like responses to some tender air,
Now changed to flickering shades of doubt and wo.
A mother's form bursts on her view—
A sister gentle—loving—true—
Alas, long years ago, of grief they died!
Borne down by stern Oppression's icy tide!

But softer, sweeter, now the murmur steals,
Of that loved mother's earnest prayer,
A brighter home that sister's song reveals,
Beyond the reach of Want, or dark Despair;
Once more her palsied heart-throbs warm—
A holy strength pervades her form—
And fills her soul with one exulting thought,
That from her tears shall pearls of joy be wrought!

J. B. W.

ON PREDESTINATION.—"Sound reason dictates that all are predestined to heaven and none to hell; for all are born men, and hence the image of God is in them. The image of God in them consists in their being able to understand truth and to do good; and to be able to understand truth is from the divine Wisdom, and to be able to do good is from the divine Love. This is the image of God which abides in a man of sound mind, and is not eradicated. Hence it is, that he can be made a civil and moral man; and he that is a civil and moral man can also be made spiritual, for what is civil and moral is the receptacle of what is spiritual."

[SWEDENBORG.]

BUSINESS NOTICES.

DR. KIMBARK, Magnetic Physician, has recently removed to 384 Broome St., where he will be happy to attend to the calls of those who desire his professional services.

DR. GRATTAN, Magnetic Physician, would inform his friends that he may be found at 137 Grand St., near Broadway, ready to attend to the wants of the sick. Dr. G. will confine his examinations to the treatment of disease.

MARK PATTY, Winchester, Randolph Co. Ind., is informed that we allow 25 per cent on all cash subscriptions over \$10.

F. GILLET.—The money was received, and the name and address promptly given to the carrier, whose neglect will receive immediate attention.

CHARLES DEAN, Lebanon, Conn., is entitled to our thanks for his kindness, and he will please act as our Agent for the Univercœlum.

BR. S. D.—Shall we send you the paper, including the first volume, to Lebanon, or Norwich, Ct. We cannot understand definitely from your letter.

CORRESPONDENCE.—We have just received another letter from Bro. Plumb, containing an interesting account of the late Anniversaries in Boston. It was too late for this number, but will appear in our next.

We trust that we have not lost our place in the memory of CHARLES WORTH.

THE UNIVERCŒLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

THIS Weekly Journal differs in character, in some important respects, from any periodical published in the United States, or even in the world. An interior or spiritual philosophy, comprehensively explaining the character and operations of natural laws, accounting for their exterior phenomena and results, and showing the tendencies of all things to higher spheres of existence, is the basis on which it rests. It is a bold inquirer into all truths pertaining to the relations of mankind to each other, to the external world, and to the Deity; a fearless advocate of the theology of Nature, irrespective of the sectarian dogmas of men; and its Editors design that it shall, in a charitable and philosophic, yet firm and unflinching spirit, expose and denounce wrong and oppression wherever found, and inculcate a thorough Reform and reorganization of society on the basis of NATURAL LAW.

In its PHILOSOPHICAL departments, among many other themes which are treated, particular attention will be bestowed upon the general subject of PSYCHOLOGY, or the science of the human Soul; and interesting phenomena that may come under the heads of dreaming, somnambulism, trances, prophesy, clairvoyance, &c., will from time to time be detailed, and their relations and bearings exhibited.

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